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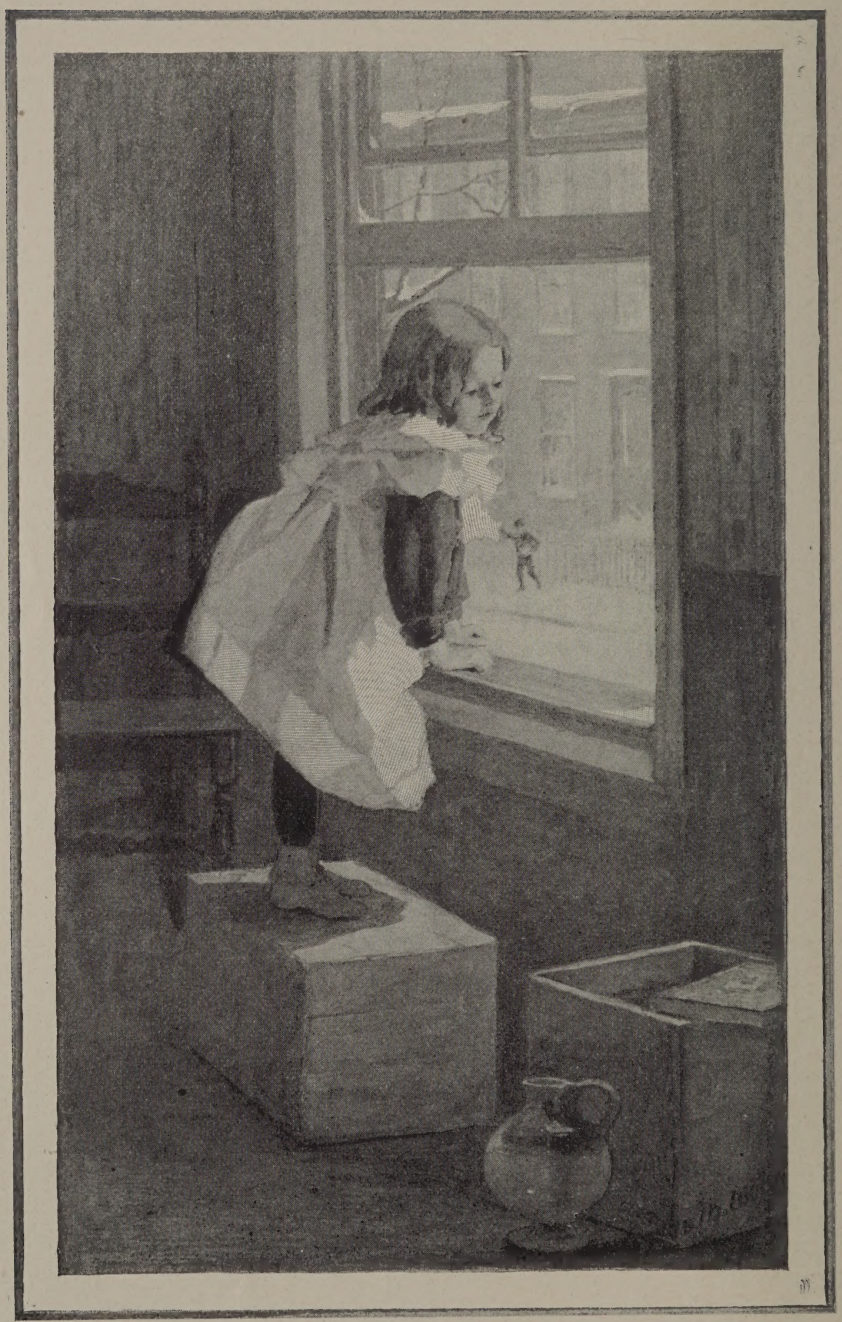

"I LEANED FAR OUT TO SEE."

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. II. FEBRUARY, 1899. No. 4

OUR SQUARE.

THE houses looked so strange and tall,
The maple trees were bare;
Our boxes stood about the hall;
I didn't want to "move" at all,
And didn't like the Square.

But oh, such lots of boys and girls
I never saw before!
Some at each house across the way,
(All out of school; 'twas New Year's Day;)
And two or three next door.

I climbed upon the window-sill
And leaned far out to see:
They played at "tag" upon the snow
Till cheeks and chins were in a glow,
And all were glad but me.

They ran and jumped before our house
Because they saw me there;
At last they said, "Come out and play!"
And so I spent the nicest day,
And now I love our Square!

Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.

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THE PEANUTS OF TOMASSO AND GIOVANNI.

LITTLE Tomasso opened his eyes—then he threw his arms out from under the blanket. "Oh–oh'ee! how *cold* it is!" he said.

Then he got up and scrambled into his clothes as fast as he could, and just as he had fastened the last button, his grandmother called him to breakfast.

There wasn't much breakfast, and Tomasso wished that he had a great deal more bread, and some more coffee. After he had had all that there was for him to have, Tomasso's grandmother told him to go out somewhere—to go and play, or do something, but to get out anyway, for she didn't want him around under her feet! (Tomasso's grandmother was little and wrinkled and very, very old—about a hundred and ninety years old, Tomasso guessed.)

Tomasso didn't want to go out a bit, for it was cold, and he didn't know where to go—it was Saturday and there was no school. Tomasso thought he didn't like to go to school, but when there was no school he had no place to go. But as his grandmother had told him to go out, he had to go. So Tomasso went down stairs, and Giovanni, who lived on the lower floor, was just going out of the street door.

"Where you goin'?" said Tomasso.

"Out," said Giovanni. "Where you goin'?"

"Just out, too," said Tomasso.

So they went together and ran about a while, and then they really couldn't find a thing to do—there was no sliding, for there was no snow, and it was too cold to play marbles, and they couldn't find any other boys to play "tag."

Then Tomasso said, "Let's go and sit by the peanut stove!" and off they ran round the corner to the fruit store. There was the man grinding away at the little peanut stove, and he was cold too, and squatted down close to the stove as he turned the handle that kept the peanuts roasting evenly. The boys held their hands up close to the little stove and soon their fin-

gers were warm, and such a good smell of peanuts came from the inside that presently they felt warm all over. They were both hungry and did long for some of the good little nuts. They looked up into Felix's face wishfully, more than once. Sometimes when Felix was good-natured he would give them two or three; but this morning he was cross and cold, and when they said, "Please, Felix, give us some," he shook his head and said, "Go way, go way!"

DOWN THEY ALL SAT, IN A ROW.

But they didn't go, for they liked to stay there, and watch him and the people who kept going and coming in and out of the store. Soon a lady in furs came down the street and went into the store, and through the window they saw her buying oranges and some beautiful red bananas. As she came out she must have heard Giovanni say, "Please, Felix, just one?"

For she looked at the two boys for a minute, and then turned back and gave Felix some money and said, "Give those little boys some peanuts."

Felix smiled, and showed all his white teeth, and then he filled a big, big bag with peanuts just as full as it could hold, and gave it to Tomasso, who had to take it with both arms it was so big!

"Now divide equally," said the lady, smiling, as she went away.

Tomasso and Giovanni did not say "thank you," or anything else, but just looked after her with eyes wide with surprise, for never in all their lives had they seen *such* a bag of peanuts!

But after a moment Tomasso said, "My! isn't she good?" And Giovanni said, "I *tell* you she is!"

They stood still a minute longer in their astonishment, and then Tomasso said, "You whistle 'em!"

Giovanni put two fingers into his mouth and gave two sharp whistles, and all at once boys seemed to come from everywhere. From round the corner and across the street, and across the square—it looked for a moment as if they were just growing out of the ground like weeds in summer.

"Come on! come on!" called the boys—that is Tomasso and Giovanni; "sit down here!" and they pointed to the curbstone.

The sun had come out bright and warm, and down they all sat, in a row, like so many birds on a tree. There were just sixteen of them, counting in Tomasso and Giovanni; and there were so many peanuts that there was enough for a big double-handful for each one of them. There they chattered in Italian and in English, and piles of shells grew fast between each pair of little ragged shoes, down in the gutter, which was luckily dry. They were so busy chattering and laughing and eating that they didn't see the kind lady at all when she passed by on her way home; but she saw them—sixteen happy little boys all very full of peanuts, instead of the pair she had left—and she laughed too, and thought, "What kind, generous little fellows they are!"

But Tomasso and Giovanni hadn't thought about being kind or generous at all—they had just done what they always did when they had anything to divide—they had "divided equally."

Katharine B. Foot.

THE LIVE DOLL.

THE DOLL DANCED AROUND.

AND after Tot had his strange adventure with his rocking horse, Dot had a strange adventure too! For Tot and Dot were twins and each had to have what the other had, you know.

This was Dot's adventure.

She went to bed early one night for she had had an "awful day." Tooth-ache! And her mother put some stuff in it that made Dot sleepy and stopped the pain.

Everybody kept quiet in the house so that Dot could go to sleep, but she lay there in her little bed in the quiet room listening to the clock a long time (she says), before she really went to sleep.

Her biggest doll, Arabella Dosia, lay on the pillow beside her, and Dot was thinking and thinking of Tot's adventure and how the horse came alive. She wondered if he would ever do it again. She wondered how he could — or how any toy could.

"They *can't!*" she said at last, aloud.

A voice in her ear said, "Oh, *can't* they now?"

And when she jumped and turned around, there sat Doll Arabella with the livest look on her face — and moving about all by herself. "How is *this* for being alive?" she said, stretching her arms above her head. "And *this*?" getting up from the pillow and dancing slowly around the bed in her little blue boots.

Dot sat up, her eyes wide open with amazement. "Oh, you are alive, Arabella!" she cried.

"And I am going to have you for my doll," said Arabella.

"Oh, well," began Dot. But she could get no further, for Arabella, in a very determined manner, began to take hold of her, and the little wooden hands, although so small, seemed strong

enough to make Dot do anything. At any rate she did not feel the power to resist them, and presently found herself being dressed in a most curious collection of things.

"My dear Dollikins," said Arabella, "I cannot find your own clothes, so you must be content to wear what I can get." And Dot presently stood up, dressed in a very funny way. A frilled pillow sham was tied on her head for a cap, and a sash made of a table scarf was about her waist over her nightie.

"Now," said Arabella, "we will go to walk, my dear Dollie."

SHE PUT HER WOODEN ARMS AROUND DOT.

And with that she put her little wooden arms around Dot's plump little body, and lifted her up and trotted slowly all about the room, carrying poor Dot high in the air. She marched with funny thumping little steps, and poor Dot never had such a funny feeling in her short life before. She was glad when her little doll at last sat her down on a chair, and sank beside her, exclaiming, "Oh dear, but you are a heavy weight, my child!"

Then the funny wooden lady proceeded to feed her doll. Poor Dot! She was forced to sit down flat on the floor with a tiny table across her lap, and made to eat some horrid little cakes—some she had manufactured herself that very day for Arabella, composed of left-over crumbs of cookie dough, with salt and sugar,

chocolate and pepper mixed in! They were simply "awful."

But Arabella was so polite and smiling Dot did not like to refuse. She sat and drank sloppy milk and water-tea from wee little cups that spilled all over her, and—wished she were not a doll!

THE WOODEN LADY FED HER.

She wished so more and more, for it came into Miss Arabella's funny wooden head to wash her doll! She took soap and water and the end of the table cloth, and gave poor Dot's rosy face such a scrubbing that Dot longed to scream! But she found she could not do so. She couldn't make a sound!

Then Arabella got a brush and comb and began on the curly tangle of Dot's hair. This also was "awful." Dot twisted and squirmed, and finally made a desperate effort when a long thin hairpin was being run into her very head, and *did* scream.

And Arabella suddenly answered in Mama's own voice, "Why, what's the matter, dear? Is the toothache so bad?" And there she was in her mother's arms.

Dot was glad to find herself Dot again! And there lay Arabella on the pillow with her same old smile, perfectly motionless — only a wooden doll again.

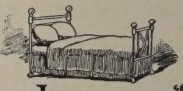
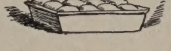
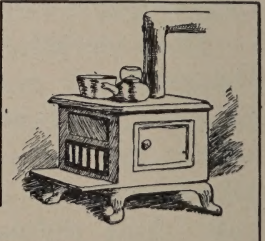
Dot's mother smiled, when Dot told her of the wonderful happenings.

But Dot has never once believed that it was only a toothache dream, because — there by the table lay one of Arabella's shoes. And under the bed lay one of the pillow-shams all rumpled up. And the cakes were all eaten. And her hair was all snarly — with a hairpin in it! If Doll Arabella didn't do all these things, why then, *who* did?

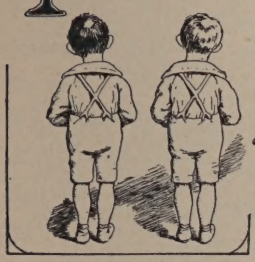
E. S. Tucker.

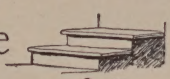
Where was the little White Dog?

IV

How surprised these little boys were when they found Teddy fast asleep in their  ! "A little dog!" cried Jimmy. "A little white !" cried Johnny. "He can live with us!" cried Jimmy. "He can play with us!" cried Johnny. And they clapped their for joy. Then they took Teddy downstairs to show their mother. She had a big tin full of , and was making  for the little boys' supper. "The little dog is not yours," she said. "He is lost, and you must take him home in the morning." So they gave him a full of food, and made him a nice bed in a in the warm corner behind the  and there he stayed very cosily all night long.

The next morning, bright and early, the little



came running down the  Teddy looked at them wistfully. "Where is Freddy?" he seemed to say. "Where is my little master?" But they gave him another of food, and a and an old to play with. And after Jimmy and Johnny had finished their of bread and milk, they went down to the river. There on the shore was a little boat, and they put Teddy into it, and began to push it off into the water. "We have forgotten the !" cried Jimmy. And away he ran to the house. And away ran Johnny after him. And the water came up under the and it floated off. And where was the little white but going down the river in a boat all by himself!

TEDDY'S LITTLE HATCHET.

TEDDY WHACKED AT IT.

TEDDY thought George Washington was a great man. He had a beautiful book about him and his mother had read to him again and again the story of the hatchet. Teddy was truthful himself and would have done just as George Washington did, only he would have told the truth and made no remarks about it—that is, he would have done so before he heard that story.

Teddy's little cousin Jamie said that he thought George was awfully silly for not running away when he saw his father coming; but Teddy liked to hear that George had said, "I did it, father! I cannot tell a lie," and that George's father had clasped him to his breast and said that "it would grieve him less to lose every tree in his garden than to have his son tell one lie."

On Teddy's fifth birthday a nice tool-box was sent to him. It had a hammer, saw, plane, screws, nails and everything — and a little hatchet with a stripe of red paint on it. Teddy worked hard for two days, sawing and driving and planing, and chopping.

Teddy's father had a nice young pear-tree by the kitchen window; it was going to bear fruit that year for the first time. Teddy thought it was such a little tree it would not make any difference to anybody, anyway, so he went out and whacked at it a few times with his little hatchet, and it fell to the ground.

Then Teddy went and sat on the kitchen porch and waited for his father to come, so that he might tell him about it and be clasped to his father's breast.

Just before dinner he heard the gate swing open, and he ran around to meet his father, and said, "O, guess what I did, father!" and his father guessed that he had been a bad boy.

But Teddy said, "No, indeed, you can't guess — I've cut down your pear-tree!"

And Teddy's father said — but he looked more than he said.

When Teddy's father went around by the kitchen window and saw his nice pear-tree cut in two lying on the ground, he said that if Teddy was like George Washington, *he* was not like George Washington's father! He said he was not going to have his trees cut down; and he looked right at Teddy and reached over and broke a switch from the pear-tree.

Teddy suddenly felt afraid, and ran quickly into the house to tell his mother about it, and by this time he was very sorry indeed. His father brought in the hatchet and his mother locked it up and said Teddy should not even see it for a whole month!

She took Teddy upon her lap, and told him that cutting down a beautiful tree which belonged to someone else is almost as bad as telling a lie; that a tree is a living, useful thing which we must care for and not destroy, and that the pretty pear-tree which his father had planted and watered and pruned was now quite dead.

Teddy offered his father his tool-box to pay for the pear-tree, and he felt that if George Washington was a good boy, still he might have been better.

Ida J. Bane.

THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL

IS for Orange.
In it you hold
Sunshine turned sweetness
And fragrance and gold.

(*Mama's Orange Talk.*)

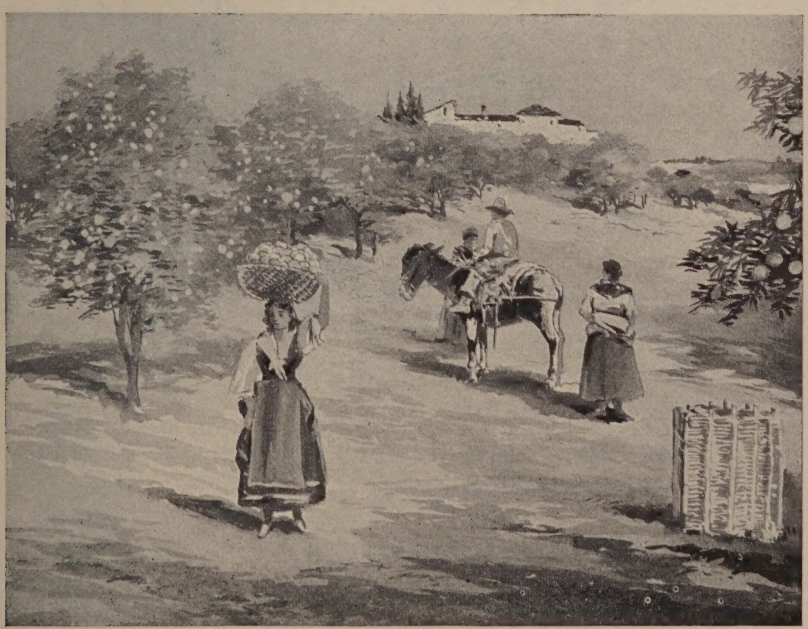
"OH, mama, it was beautiful!" cried Dot. "There was a great evergreen, all sparkly with candles and presents; but the beautiful-est were the oranges, all along the branches and up to the tip-top." "And every boy and girl had one—and there were lots of kinds," broke in Will—"where do the kinds come from?"

"Like the Christmas-tree," said I, the "orange is an evergreen. The name is from the Latin word *aurum* which means gold. The orange itself is from India. From there it was carried to Western Asia and Europe. The Spaniards brought it across to Cuba and Florida and Mexico. When I was a girl, our oranges, dark-yellow and thick-skinned, came mostly from Spain and Italy—with now and then a Maltese orange with juice wine-red."

"And now," remarked Tom, "we grow our own oranges." "Yes," said I, "the round thin-skinned lemon-yellow Florida orange, and in California the large slightly-oblong dark-yellow Navel orange—which first came from Brazil." "What are kid-

glove oranges?" asked Will. "The flattened reddish-yellow Mandarin orange, from China, is so called because the skin is so thin and loose a lady may peel and eat it with gloves on. Then there is the Kum-quat, with oranges the size of a goose-berry, and the bitter Seville oranges, grown for marmalade."

"And brides wear the blossoms," put in Dot. "Yes," said I, "they are so pure a white with their glossy green leaves, and so fragrant. The petals are dotted with tiny sacs of fragrant oil. Great quantities of orange blossoms are used in making orange-flower water, perfumes and cologne. The rinds of oranges also yield a fragrant oil, but the most fragrant of all is the rind of the Bergamot orange, pale-yellow and pear-shaped, which yields the famous oil of bergamot, used everywhere in toilet articles and cologne. Fortunately for Christmas-trees, children and perfume lovers, the orange is a great bearer—one tree in Florida often bears ten thousand oranges in a single year."



A SOUTH-OF-EUROPE ORANGE ORCHARD.

"HE'S JUST A DOG!"

MY FUNNY LITTLE DOG.

I HAVE a dog — a *little* dog,
A *funny* little dog;
His name is Jane, Matilda, Bruno,
Rover, Pollywog.

He has a nose — a *little* nose,
A *funny* little nose;
He turns out with his little eyes,
He turns in with his toes.

He eats some things — some *little* things,
Some *funny* little things;
Like pins and buttons, worms and flies,
And little bits of strings.

He knows some tricks — some *little* tricks,
Some *funny* little tricks;
He bites his tail, and shakes his ears,
And picks up little sticks.

He's just a dog — a *little* dog,
A *funny* little dog;
My dearest Jane, Matilda, Bruno,
Rover, Pollywog.

L. E. Kirke.

A GOOD DAY FOR HOCKEY.

ROSE SANDBERG'S SEA VOYAGE.

ROSE Sandberg is an only dog, and likes having her own way as much as spoiled children do.

When her mistress says, "Rose, sneeze!" Rose wrinkles up her little black nose, nods her head and says, "cha-chee!"

But when her mistress says, "Rose, say ma-ma!" then Rose barks and shivers and begs to be let off, for it is a hard thing for a dog to do. But the mistress knows her little dog can say "ma-ma," plainly, if she tries, and she says, "No, Rose, better, better, say ma-ma, ma-ma!" Rose stops whining, tries again, opens her mouth and says "ma-ma" so plainly that any one can understand, and then she gets a lump of sugar and is called "good dog."

And Rose does other tricks too, dancing, fetching things, giving paw and jumping, for love of her mistress and sugar.

But this little dog used to be cold and distant with strangers. She would do no tricks for them, even with lumps of sugar in view, and she was fussy about her own cushion, bones and basket, which she did not like to share with others—dogs, cats or people.

Rose is a fox terrier, with nice slim paws, a satiny white coat and black patches, with tan spots over her pretty brown eyes.

Her home used to be at Alingsas in Sweden, a sweet home with a play-garden near the river. The village children all knew her there, and would call "Rosey, dear Rosey," when she went for a swim in the river or for a walk with her mistress, carrying a little basket or an umbrella in her mouth.

One sad day came, when Rose's mistress went away, and Rose could not understand about it.

They went together with friends, in a little boat, to the side of a big ship and the mistress went on board the big ship and left Rose in the little boat, with the friends. Then the big ship sailed away with the dear mistress, and Rose could see her standing there waving her hand but going farther and farther away. Rose barked and barked and tried to jump into the water and swim after the big ship. But the friends held her

fast, and rowed back to shore and home to Alingsas, and Rose was very unhappy for a long, long time.

One day they took her in the little boat again, and this time they carried her cushion, her basket, and a few bones, too. They rowed out to another big ship, and Rose's heart beat quick. She wagged and wagged, expecting to find her mistress on the big ship. But no mistress was to be seen.

Rose herself was now taken on board the big ship, with the basket and things, and the friends went back home in the little boat, without her.

There she was alone, on the great ship, among strangers. Poor Rose! The ship moved off, things began to rock about, there was a storm at sea and she *was* so wretched that she quite forgot her good manners, and even growled and barked when any one spoke to her or brought her food!

For Rose was an only dog, and liked having her own way, and if she could not have her mistress, she thought she would not be nice to anyone.

Pretty soon the ship's cat, a friendly creature, came along, and Rose growled, showed her teeth, and would not be friends. Then the cat bristled up her back in a hump and fluffed her tail out very big, and scampered off to the roof of the pilot-house, growling and spitting at Rose, while Rose growled and snarled at the cat, and it was miserable for everybody near the pilot-house.

After a time, Rose Sandberg seemed to say to herself, "I need not be a spoiled dog, even if I am an only dog, and I think I'll just be pleasant for awhile." And when they brought her food again she did not growl but offered her paw for "thank you," as she had been taught to do at home.

This pleased the sailors who had tried to be friends with the little cross lonely passenger, and the captain said she might have her chain off and go free on the ship.

And then Rose and the ship's cat made friends, and the cat may have told Rose that there were more rats on board than one person could manage, for Rose set to work helping puss about them. She was so busy watching that she could hardly

ROSE AND HER SHIPMATE SAT ON THE ROOF OF THE PILOT-HOUSE.

stop to eat, and she managed to catch seven of the ship's little pests before the voyage ended.

This dutiful behavior pleased the captain so much that he had Rose's basket put into his own cabin, made Rose sit next him at dinner, and gave her bits of liver and things she liked from his own plate.

Pleasant and grateful always now, Rose did all her tricks for the captain, only she did not say "ma-ma," as he did not ask her and it was so hard to do.

After many days at sea, Rose began to sniff and sniff, and knew it must be "land;" and when the ship, which had sailed all the way across the ocean from Sweden to New York, came into port, Rose sat on the roof of the pilot-house, with her ears cocked, beside her good shipmate the cat, feeling sure something great would happen. Her mistress, perhaps, would be there.

But not yet.

When the ship stopped sailing and dropped anchor, a strange

voice greeted Rose, but she knew it was the voice of a friend, for it called her by a Swedish pet-name, "Lilla Kuyla," that no one but her mistress knew, and must have told.

So Rose was glad to have her chain on, and followed the lady across the crowded wharf to a carriage, when they put her baggage on—that is, the basket, the blanket, the cushion, and a few bones—and drove away to the railroad station.

Here Rose was put into the baggage-car, alone, with all her things, the engine whistled and away they started—where to Rose did not know.

She had a long lonely day of travel, but she slept a good deal and tried to be patient. Something *must* happen soon—*that* she could understand. And at last the conductor called out, "Stockbridge!" and the train stopped stock-still.

Rose pricked up her ears to hear, and craned her neck to see out at the door—and who should be standing there by the platform waiting, but her very own dear Swedish mistress, whom she loved best of all in the world! The baggage-man loosened her chain, and she jumped straight out of the car into those kind arms, and cried and cried to make up for all the pain she had suffered to lose her mistress, and to tell all the joy she felt to find her again.

The people standing by asked the mistress, "How long is it since your little dog has seen you?"

"Seex mons," said the mistress, in broken English. "She has come all the way from Sweden alone to find me. She is my only dog and she can say 'ma-ma.' You shall hear her."

Olive Risley Seward.

A PARROT from Santo Domingo,
Once spoke such a horrible lingo,
That when he said "please,"
It made every one sneeze,
And drew tears from a red-legged Flamingo!

M. E. B.

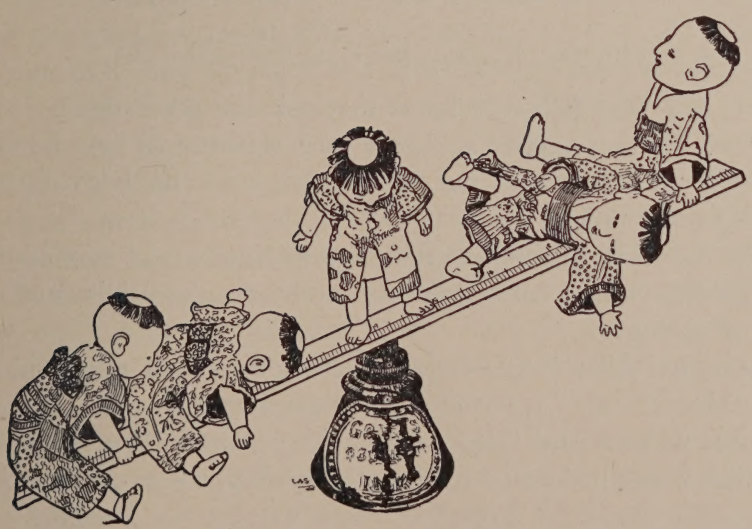
"MY OLD PUSSY CAT CAME THROUGH"

FAITHFUL PUSSY.

I TIED the basket cover down,
And sent my Pussy Cat away
In the close cart of Farmer Brown,
And said, "This time she's sure to stay;
What though against her will she goes!
I'm sure, when her new home she knows,
She'll find there all a cat desires—
New milk, soft rugs, bright open fires;
And when three days she there has spent,
She will be perfectly content."

Three days, three weeks, three months went by,
When one dark night the wind was high,
And yet I heard, amidst its roar,
A faint cry at the kitchen door;
In haste I opened it, and who
But my old Pussy Cat came through!
Once in, I wish you could have heard
The way the happy creature purred.
I took her up; "O Pussy Dear!"
I said, "what *can* have brought you here?
The Browns have everything that's nice,
Wood-fires, warm milk, barns full of mice,
But all these pleasures here you'll lack!"
"I know," poor Pussy answered back;
"I've come because I am like you—
I loved my home, and always do
Hold old friends dearer than the new!"

Marian Douglas.



SEE-SAW.

BILLY BOY IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD.

BILLY BOY BROWN.

CHAPTER IV.—Billy Boy Finds a Crookeder Boy.

BILLY Boy followed Lena through the great door.

The door-keeper said if he was a friend of hers he might go in, for a little while, but the parrot must be kept outside; she was too noisy.

The boy in buttons seemed very willing to take care of Polly. He said he would carry her out upon the grounds and give her an airing.

Lena led Billy into a large, long room which she said was the "almost well" room of the children's ward.

"But we're afraid Otto never will be well," she whispered, turning a sad little face towards Billy Boy, as she opened the door.

"Otto, the mice boy has come to see you!" she said to a

white-faced, hump-backed boy, who sat propped up in a chair, at a table, with the cage of mice before him.

The boy drew the cage towards him and placed his thin white hands over it.

"Have you come for them?" he asked, with a sob in his throat.

"Let me show you what they will do!" said Billy Boy, and sat down opposite him at the table.

Those mice had been trained before Billy Boy had them, and for two years he and Bob and Bee had been teaching them. When either of the young Browns had the mumps or the measles, or there was a long storm, it meant several new tricks for the white mice; and they could now do really wonderful things.

Since the war with Spain had begun, they were taught soldier tricks altogether. And it was so fortunate that some had black spots, for those could be Spaniards!

All the children in the ward, who could walk, crowded around the table, and the matron and the nurses too.

It was such a good time that many an ache and pain was forgotten, for many minutes. When Billy Boy let the mice out of the cage and they scampered all over the table, then the children scampered, too, every one who could. Even the matron and the nurses uttered little screams.

But Billy Boy whistled and into the cage marched those mice like soldiers! It was really a wonderful sight to see.

And the worn and tired looks were gone from so many children's faces!

Otto's poor shrunken, mis-shaped body shook with laughter. "I want to know how you trained them!" he said. "I want to train them! I want to do everything that well boys do—that you do! And I'm going to learn! Lena is only a girl, and I never had a brother. I think I could even learn spelling and fractions if you would show me how!"

Billy Boy blushed. He began to say that he was not much for spelling and fractions, himself, but Lena touched his foot.

"Spelling and fractions are nothing! I'll show you how to do them," said Billy Boy stoutly.

"And you'll show me how to straighten my legs so I can be a soldier, won't you?" said Otto.

Billy moved about uneasily on his bow-legs. "It's queer! I want to be a soldier too," he said, "Yes, I'll show you, Otto!"

"JUST THINK!" LENA WHISPERED.

"You're what I've been wanting—a well boy!" said Otto with a happy sigh. "You're very bright and clever, aren't you?"

"Oh, no," began Billy Boy, but Lena touched his foot again.

"The Browns are called a smart family!" said Billy Boy firmly, although his cheeks burned. 'My brother Bobby, and Bee, are very clever."

"Of course you couldn't have trained those mice if you hadn't been very clever," said Otto.

"Those mice have done him good. I've never seen him so bright," whispered the matron. "They've done all the children good!"

"And although I went away off to Uncle Fritz's to get the parrot for him, he says he doesn't like a parrot," whispered Lena.

"You like a parrot, don't you?" said Otto, eagerly, to Billy Boy.

"I never was very well acquainted with one before. I think this one has a fine voice," said Billy Boy politely.

"You like her better than you do the mice, don't you? You'll swap, won't you?" said Otto.

Now this, thought Billy Boy, was hard! And what would

they say at home? Bee, herself, had trained the big mouse with the black spots on his ears that they called Admiral Cervera, and Bob would never be willing that Hobson should go out of the family!

But Billy Boy's heart ached with pity for the poor hump-backed, shrunken fellow, whose face looked like a little old man's. And Lena leaned over Billy Boy's shoulder and whispered.

"Just think! he never has had one good time!" she said.

"You can have them!" said Billy Boy, although he had to swallow a great lump in his throat.

He got away as soon as he could then, for fear he should cry, Otto making him promise that he would come again just as soon as he could.

The delightful little glow at Billy Boy's heart, such as you always feel when you have made any one happy, was queerly mixed with the grief of losing his white mice.

When he got to the entrance door he found that Polly had been shut up in a dark closet, because she whooped and shouted so that the boy in buttons had not been able to keep her out upon the grounds.

When Billy Boy took her again into his arms and started to go back, just as he had come away, he almost wished that Aunt Kate had borrowed some other one of the Browns!

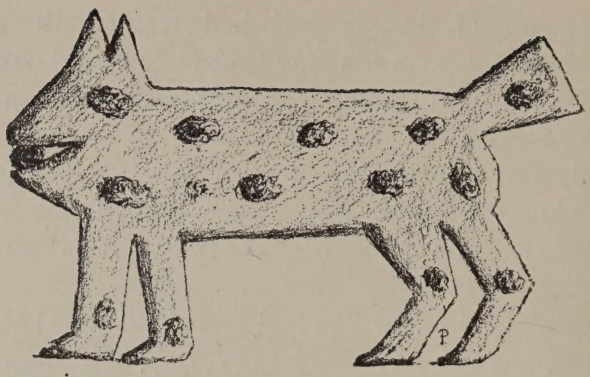
Sophie Swett.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OCEAN'S WINGS.

A VERY little boy was he,
Who watched the blue waves of the sea,
Then cried, "Just see those pretty things!
Look, mama; see the ocean's wings!"

Alice May Douglas.



IT FED ON RAISINS.

WHAT IT WAS.

"O-OH!" cried Alice Maud.

"Goody, goody!" screamed little Ted.

"Isn't there one for me, too?" demanded Philip Henry.

"There's one apiece," said Mama.

"What is it?" asked Alice Maud, looking at hers.

"'Pears to be a dog," said Philip Henry, looking at his.

"No, mine's a cat," said Alice Maud. "A nice, sweet, little brown kitty with black spots all over her."

"Cats don't stand up straight and eat things that way," said Philip Henry with some scorn. "They eat out of saucers an' plates an' things on the floor—'sides they don't have stick-up tails like that—do they, Mama?"

Mama smiled. "I'll let you name them to suit yourselves."

"Mine is a piggy-wiggy," said little Ted.

"I think it does look more like a pig," said Philip Henry with a grown-up air. "'Sides I don't think we boys would like to eat cats," and he looked at Alice Maud teasingly.

"They's as good to eat as dogs," retorted Alice Maud.

"If it didn't have too much legs, we'd call it chickens, wouldn't we, Allie?" said dear little Ted, to soothe his sister's indignation. "*The'ys* dood to eat, Allie."

"Huh!" said Philip Henry. "Chickens doesn't have ears."

"But chickens can eat waisins, can't they, Allie?" said little

Ted, standing up for his name manfully. "Allie and I thinks they are chickens."

"So can I eat raisins," said Philip Henry, as he picked out the one in the mouth of the animal in his hand and smacked his lips over it.

"Well, have you named them yet?" asked Mama, as she put another tin into the oven.

"Yes," said Philip Henry, as he bit off the tail. "It's a c-u-k-y p-i-g, a cooky pig." Philip Henry had been to Primary school a whole year.

"Yes, Mama," said Alice Maud. "It's a c-u-k-y c-a-t, a cooky cat." Alice Maud was in the Kindergarten.

"Yes," said little Ted, who had never been to school at all 'It's a q-g-m-b, chicken."

E. C. Landregan.

A WINTER MAKE-BELIEVE.

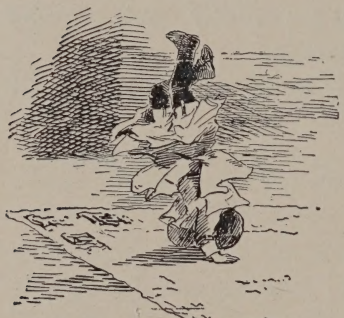
MAGIC, magic, let us weave!
Shut your eyes and make believe
There isn't a bit of snow to be seen;
That up in the air
The elm-trees bare
Are hung with tassels of tender green;
And then, like birds awakening,
You must softly sing,
And dream and sing,
"Oh, now, oh, now, 'tis the pleasant spring,"
While you wave your fingers so, and so,
Just to and fro,
And to and fro,
In the way the baby leaflets go—
Listen! listen! don't you hear
Robins call, "Hello, my dear!"

Elizabeth Hill.

WAKE UP, LITTLE MEN!

(*The Roggie and Reggie Stories.*)

WHAT ROGGIE DID.



WHAT REGGIE DID.

AND WHAT MAMA DID.

HERE IS THE NURSE.

AND one evening Roggie climbed upon his father's knee and said, "If I was a father and had a little boy, and I loved him, I would buy him a gun."

And Reggie stood on his head on the rug. "I want a drum," he said, "that's what I want—I want a drum!"

And their father laughed and said, 'Well, a gun and a drum you must have, boys, a gun and a drum you must have!"

But their mother put her hands over her ears. "Oh, oh!" she said, "what a noise you will make! You are far too little for guns and drums, you are only baby boys."

And just then nurse came into the room—dear little nurse with her pretty cap and her ribbons down her back.

And Roggie said, "I'm not a baby, mama!" Then he marched away to bed.

And Reggie said, "I'm not a baby, I'm a boy!" Then he marched away to bed.

And the next morning, early, oh very early, their father came to their little bed and woke them up.

"Wake up, little men!" he said. And Roggie and Reggie jumped out of bed.

"What are we going to do?" they said. "What is it we are going to do?"

And their father said, "Wait and you will see."

And when Roggie and Reggie were dressed in their little plaid kilts they ran down stairs, and there were the horses, and the carriage, waiting before the door.

And away they rode—Roggie and Reggie and their father—*as fast as they could go* to the village!

And the big round sun, just coming up, over the woods by the river, looked into their faces and seemed to say, "Good morning, Roggie and Reggie. Where are you going so fast, and so early in the morning?"

And when they came into the village they stopped at a big brick store; and they all went into the store.

And the store-keeper said, "High-ho, little men, what can I sell you so early in the morning?"

And their father said, "This boy wants a gun, and this boy wants a drum."

And the store-keeper laughed, "Ha! ha! well, well, a gun and a drum for such baby boys as these!"

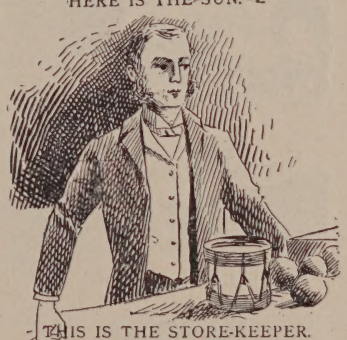
But Roggie went out of that store with a little gun over his little shoulder.

And Reggie went out of that store with a drum held tight in his little arms.

And then they went home. And

OFF TO THE VILLAGE.

HERE IS THE SUN.

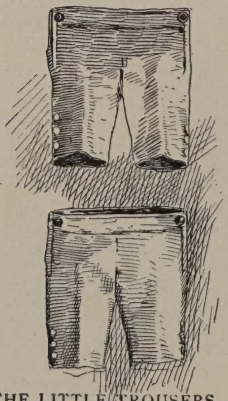


THIS IS THE STORE-KEEPER.

WITH GUN AND DRUM.

THE BREAKFAST-BELL.

ARABELLA AND ARAMINTA.



THE LITTLE TROUSERS.

Mama stood out in the road ringing the breakfast bell.

"Here you come," she said. "Here come the run-a-ways!"

And Roggie said, "See, see, Mama!" and held up his little gun.

And Reggie said, "See, see, Mama!" and held up his little drum.

And their mother laughed. "Oh, what a noise you will make!" she said. "Oh, oh, what a noise you will make!" And then they went in to breakfast, and there at the table Arabella and Araminta sat waiting.

And Roggie said, "See, see, Arabella!" and held up his little gun.

And Reggie said, "See, see, Araminta!" and held up his little drum.

And Arabella said, "Why, you are too little for a gun! you're only a baby, Roggie."

And Araminta said, "Why, you are too little for a drum! You are only a baby, Reggie."

And Roggie looked very cross. "I'm not a baby!" he cried. "I'm not a baby!"

And Reggie looked very cross also. "I'm not a baby either!" he cried.

And their mother laughed and said "I'll buy you some little trousers, dears, then no one will think you are babies." And she did—that very day she bought them their first little trousers.

Gertrude Smith.

YOU CAN HAVE LITTLE FOLKS FREE.

In order to extend a knowledge of LITTLE FOLKS the publisher has prepared a series of Coupons which will entitle any one not now a subscriber to a three months' subscription to LITTLE FOLKS, on payment of ten cents. Ten of these coupons will be sent free to anyone who will give them to people who would naturally be interested in LITTLE FOLKS. It is probable that most of these trial subscriptions will result in a permanent subscription, and as the coupons are numbered and registered in the name of the person to whom they are sent, every yearly subscription received will be credited to the person who distributed the coupons. For subscriptions so received the publisher will pay you 25 cents in cash, or will give you LITTLE FOLKS for one year free for every three subscribers. If care and judgment is used in giving the coupons to intelligent parents you can easily secure a free subscription or a cash payment, and at the same time be helping LITTLE FOLKS. Send for the coupons to-day.

The March number of LITTLE FOLKS will contain another Baby Show. Our little friends are at liberty to send their photographs for other Baby Shows, and they will be given in future issues.

One subscriber asks why we give premiums for new subscriptions and not for old. Premiums are only given to old subscribers who secure new names, and are given with the idea of inducing our friends to help extend a knowledge of LITTLE FOLKS. The price of the magazine is very low considering its high character and in every case, when a premium is given, the cost is more than is charged the subscriber. The life of a subscription to LITTLE FOLKS is necessarily much shorter than that of subscriptions to the grown-up magazines, and the publisher must be continually seeking new subscribers to replace those who outgrow its pages, for LITTLE FOLKS must always be young, no matter how old it grows.

CHELSEA, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I would like to tell you all about the beautiful times we had in the White Mountains this summer.

What we liked best of all was the dear "Old Man." When we got near to him the first time, Papa said, "Now let's not tell the chillens where the Old Man is, and see if they'll find it theirselves."

But we saw it right off, way up on the side of a high mountain. I said, I thought it looked as much like a lady as an old man, but my brother telled me that it had such a big crab-apple in its throat, that he 'sposed it looked more like a man.

I liked to ride on top of the high stage coach. It was great fun to put down our heads when they said "low bridge" 'cause the trees were going to hit us, and I liked the Flume, too, but the nicest thing I found out about is when to have a birthday.

You see, my birthday come just before Christmas on Fore Fathers' day, and my Papa and Mama and lots of folks just like to eat "real succotash," cause the Pilgrims used to, and Mama says it's too near Christmas to have a party, so I never have one, and I don't have so very many presents either 'cept one or two, 'cause there all saved for Christmas. But when Jessie had her birthday in the Mountains, every one said right off that she must have a party. O, it was lovely!

The cook made every one of the chillens a cake with a chocolide turtle on top, the table was bee-ü-tiful, and so many presents you would be 'sprised to see them.

So when I telled my Mama about having my birthday next summer she said it was a happy thought she thought, and I will have a birthday just as soon as we get to the hotel again.

Curly-Pate

CENTRAL CITY, COLO.

My Dear Little Folks:—I am glad to have the privilege of writing to you. I am a little girl, I am only eleven years old. I like my teacher, and I love my school, and I am delighted in my music as well. I am the only girl in the family, but I have two brothers older than myself. I have a great deal to do, but I find time to read *Little Folks.* I have a little kitten and his name is Dewey, he is a funny little kitten and he won't let any one pet him. We have thirty chickens and we have four horses and two cows and they are great pets to us all. *Ethel M. Trevithick.*

EDWARDSVILLE, ILLS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl nine years old, I go to school and am in the fourth grade. I like my teacher very much. I have a little school mate whose name is Hazel Sanders. We have been classmates ever since I started to school, and have sat together 'till this year. I have a little sister five years old, named Mary who takes your paper and I enjoy reading it very much.

Jessie Evelyn Springer.

KINGSTON, TENN.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very much. My cousin sends you to me. I like the Booboo stories, and "Donald's Good Hen." I am ten years old and in the third reader. I have two sisters; Ruth is seven, and Adelia is three. Adelia can spell and write her name. I live on Tennessee river. We can see the steamboats passing; some have electric lights on them. They pass here going to and from Knoxville and Chattanooga. The scenery on the river is very pretty. Many fine farms are to be seen.

E. Reese Martin.

Continued on page iii.

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NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl. I live near the first chain bridge built in this country; it very pretty. We have two pictures of it. We have two chipmunks. Our rabbit is all black except a little white on his toes. Two squirrels live under our porch. I have seven brothers and one sister.

We all like *Little Folks.* It comes in my youngest brother's name. I am very much interested in the story of Billy Boy Brown.

I would like it very much if some of the little girls would write to me.

Hattie B. Fowle.

CHICO, CAL.

Dear Little Folks:—You need not think that all the Booboos are play-Booboos, for there are some really ones here.

My papa and my brother Ernest and I got up in the middle of the night with just our slippers and night gowns on, and went out to play. We liked it very much but we did not find any owls nor did we chase.

Please send some more Booboo stories with a little girl in them too, because there was a little girl in them here with her brother and papa.

I am seven years old and my brother is just as old as the little Booboo in the stories, but my papa is thirty-nine.

Etta Louise Camper.

PERLEY, WIS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy, nine years of age. I have one brother and two sisters, all older than me. We have one horse, a cow, two pigs, some chickens and two cats. My father has a store and Post-office. I go to school. I am in the fourth reader. There is a little small saw-mill here. This is a very small place. I like the "Booboo Stories" and "What did the Black Cat do?" And I like "Where was the little white Dog?" and "Billy Boy Brown." *Dean Hyde.*

MECHANICVILLE, NEW YORK.

Dear Little Folks:—I think you are a nice paper. I have the whooping cough, so I cannot go to school. I am eight years old. I think "The Squirrel-House," in the November number is very nice. I have one little sister, and two little brothers, and one of my little brothers was born on the Fourth of July. My little sister likes the "Black Cat Guessing Stories" very much. *Eleanor H. Bailey.*

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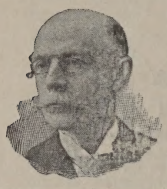

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